

Children's Newspaper

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 2d.

## A FINE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

### MYSTERY OF THE MARNE

#### THRILLING STORY OF A CAPTURED SATCHEL

#### Midnight Meeting that Changed History

#### HOW FREEDOM WAS SAVED FOR THE WORLD

The Germans lost the Great War when they were flung back from the River Marne just as they were expecting to pounce on Paris. They admit that this was when their plan for crushing France broke down.

But the world has been wondering ever since how the sudden change was brought about. How came Von Kluck's victorious Fifth Army to be crumpled up suddenly, and the invading host hurried in full retreat northward to the River Aisne? The Mystery of the Marne has ever since been the greatest problem of the historians. Various explanations have been given, but none of them has been fully satisfying.

#### Secret Plans Captured

Now the world knows the secret. The mystery is out. It has been revealed by the man who was the means of sending the secret plans of the invaders to the French Commander-in-Chief, and so enabled him to surprise and defeat the proud and confident enemy.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fagalde, a brilliant French staff officer now in London, has been lecturing there on this turning point in the world's greatest war, and what he has said will be remembered as long as war has any interest for mankind, for it shows very wonderfully how great things may depend on small occurrences.

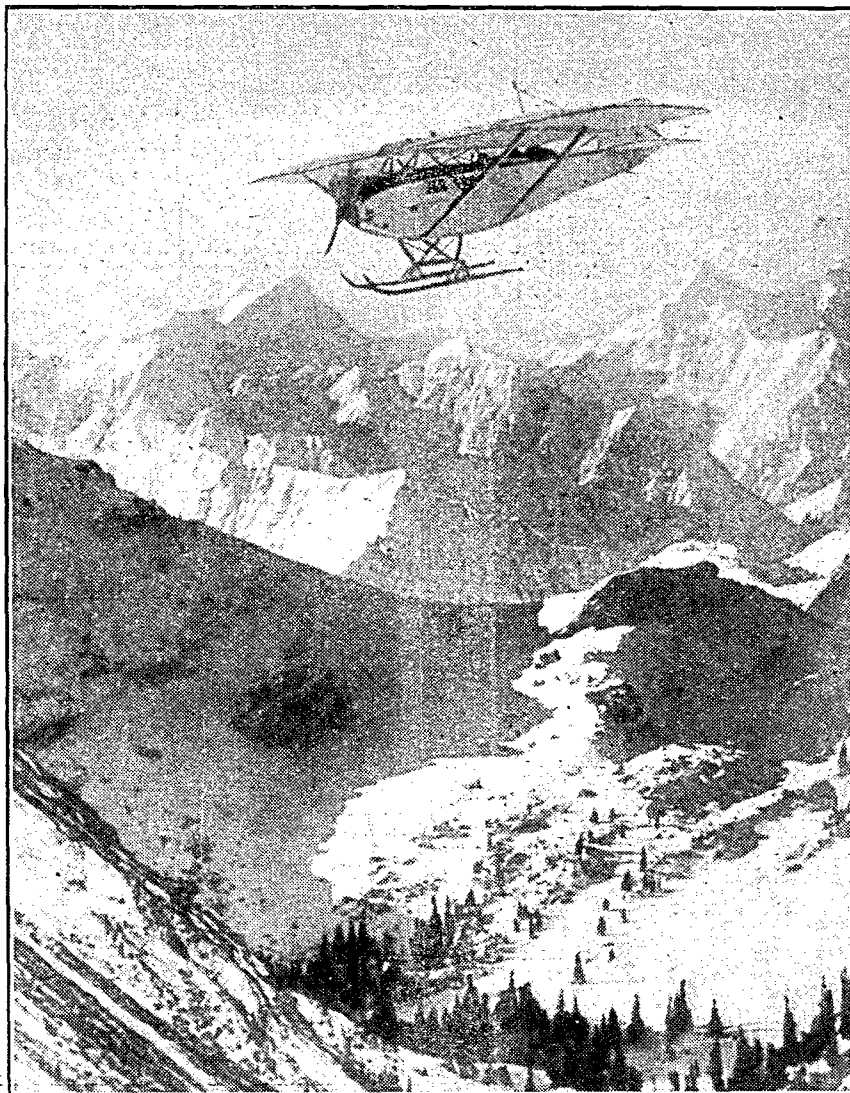
#### The Dash in the Dark

On the night between September 1 and September 2, 1914, a German staff officer was rushing in a motor-car from east to west across French country roads. The German cavalry were ordered to protect the right flank of Von Kluck's army as it swung across eastward from the line of its victorious advance and marched on Paris, and this officer carried in a satchel in his car the full plan of Von Kluck's march, which unknown to the French had been altered at the last moment.

The route each column would take was shown, the places where halts would be made were marked, and the time of the arrival at every stage of the journey. The whole scheme was there on a carefully-prepared map at the bottom of the satchel, under the officer's spare clothes and the food he had provided for his journey through the night. Once this map was safely in the hands of the general of the German cavalry division he would know exactly how to fit in his movements with those of Von Kluck's army.

But that most excellent map never

### Aeroplane Takes a Trip on Skis



This aeroplane, flying over the Alps, is fitted with snow-runners made on the principle of the ski, and can rise easily from the snow-clad ground

reached the hands of the cavalry general. A patrol of French infantry happened to be out on the watch along that country road. The scorching motor-car rushed into a volley of bullets, and the German staff officer fell, staining the tell-tale contents of his satchel with his life blood.

It was to Lieutenant-Colonel Fagalde, then a captain, who tells the story, that the satchel was brought by the infantry patrol. At once he telephoned the great and timely discovery to the French headquarters, and despatched a swift motor-car with the precious satchel.

Every detail of the changed German advance—place and time—was now known to the French Commander-in-Chief, who already had assembled a strong French force on that flank, unknown to the German generals. The knowledge was now all on the French side. And so the fatal counterblow was struck by the French and British, and the Germans reeled back from a defeat which shattered their hopes of an early and crushing victory.

It may safely be said that the world's history was changed through that midnight volley in a French lane, and the

finding of a dead man's satchel saved freedom for mankind. No more thrilling or romantic story of the Great War has ever been told, and it explains fully how it was that the Allied victory over the German invader was so complete.

#### THINGS BEYOND PRICE

Some things are too rich to be bought. It is so with the old Dutch church in the heart of the City of London.

Every yard of land in the crowded City has a high value. The ground on which some of the ancient churches stand would sell for a million pounds, and the Dutch church in Austin Friars has had half a million offered for it.

It belongs, by the gift of Edward VI, to "the Dutch nation in London," and they will not outrage their sentiment for the old place by selling it.

The Church dates back to the year 1243, when it was the nave of an Augustinian Priory. It was well over 300 years old when young King Edward gave it to the Dutch, and they have held it nearly 370 years. The late General Botha's daughter was married there.

Can we wonder, then, that they feel it is too precious to part with?

### NATURE IN A RAGE

#### VESSEL HURLED AT AN IRON PIER

#### Crew's Perilous Climb to Safety

#### LITTLE HOUSE CUT OFF FROM THE SHORE

Storms, like history, repeat themselves, and we have had a repetition, on the fortieth anniversary of the event, of a gale which in 1881 caused the day to be named Black Tuesday.

In places the wind blew at a rate of 72 miles an hour; in London its velocity reached a mile a minute. Houses were unroofed, stonework blown down, trees uprooted, posts and wires of telegraphs and telephones destroyed; and rivers overflowing converted countrysides into turbulent lakes.

#### Fierce Battle with the Storm

At such times the thoughts of us all fly seaward, where ships toss and stagger in the trough of pitiless waves. Wreckage still strewn many a stretch of coastline where vessels were cast away. The most astonishing evidence of the power of the storm lies, however, not upon a rock-ribbed shore, but fast wedged in the girders of the pier at Southend-on-Sea in the mouth of the Thames.

The victim is the little steamer *Violette*, a concrete vessel with motor-engines of 120 horse-power. She met the full force of the gale, and in 18 hours, with engines doing their utmost, she made only 37 miles. As she came to anchor off Southend, wind and sea combined against her and flung her, like a huge stone from a colossal catapult, at the pier. She struck it broadside on, cutting the pier in two, and lay wedged among the girders.

With great difficulty and danger the captain and his crew of eight climbed from the wreck up the broken ironwork on to the pier, and, true to seafaring tradition, the skipper was last to leave, bringing with him the poor ship's boy, whose nerves had collapsed.

#### Marooned on a Pierhead

Then a curious situation was discovered. The pier, a mile and a half long, was severed. At the seaward end, in a little dwelling on the pierhead, live the head pierman, his wife and son. The end of the pier had suddenly become an island, and the three people were marooned like Robinson Crusoe or a stormbound lighthouse keeper.

At low tide it was possible to descend by ladder from the broken edge of the pier, climb across the *Violette*, scramble up the other side, and so cover the 180 feet gap. But the pierman's wife preferred the safety of the house on the pierhead, leaving men to bring food and fuel, until a cable with rescuing apparatus, such as is used for wrecks, could be rigged up for her coming and going. She is not likely to forget the new Black Tuesday.

Picture on page 12



That the Bluecoat School should be selling its rare old books to pay its way will make sorrowful every soul of British birth who knows the honourable part the school has played.



February 5, 1921

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## FIGHT FOR THE ORCHARDS

### Struggle for the Australian Farmer

## FLYING FOX THAT STRIPS THE TREES

By Our Australian Correspondent

Australia is now yielding, all over the sun-kissed continent, its harvests of golden fruit. It is the reward of much striving for the fruit farmer in Australia, like every other pioneer there, is constantly engaged in a battle with the forces of Nature.

He rarely comes off second-best, though he has to contend with all kinds of orchard pests—such as the fruit fly, hatched by the warmth of the sun from the larvae and deposited on the fruit when it is ripening.

If the farmer escapes the fly he may not escape a hailstorm; failing a hailstorm, he can almost certainly count on an invasion of flying foxes.

### Night Visitors

These immense, bat-like creatures strip an orchard bare in a night; there is no limit to their appetite. The flying fox is a nocturnal visitor, and during the long Australian summer nights moonlight orchard raids are his favourite occupation. They are seen at dusk in countless thousands, drifting like leaves in autumn across the sky-line; the heavy flapping of their leathery wings and their shrill piercing note in the night are weird and eerie things.

At the first sign of dawn they are off to their camps, usually in some remote glen, where they hang all day from the branches, gorged with fruit, their wings folded around them, motionless, blind, inert, reminding one of nothing so much as a picture from Dante's Inferno. Experienced bushmen can track them to their sanctuaries, and once these are located raids with clubs and shotguns are organised.

### Moonlight Raid

Thousands of these flying foxes, blind and defenceless in the light of day, fall victims to the hunters. Another method of destroying them is to shoot them as they drift across the sky at dusk or when the moon is up. Many a time, on a moonlight night, has the writer stood on the verandah of his old home in North Sydney, armed with a shotgun, and brought down the marauders as they came flying up from their camp to settle on the Moreton Bay fig tree, that looks out across the lovely Parramatta.

You can quite distinctly hear them moving heavily from branch to branch, and see their dark forms silhouetted against the moon. If ever we left them undisturbed the ground next morning would be littered with the remains of the figs they had devoured in the night.

They are extremely noisome creatures, and share with skunks and polecats the unenviable reputation of being the most unsavoury of furred animals.

## ALL BOYS PLEASE COPY

### The Handy Man Ashore

The British sailorman has a way of doing anything that has to be done swiftly and well, as a matter of course.

A fine instance comes from Acton. A room in which a baby had been left caught fire, and the mother screamed for help.

A naval man who was passing heard the call, entered the house, rescued the infant, and put out the fire.

When the fire brigade arrived on the scene its business was all done, and the really Jack Tar had slipped away without leaving his name. That is the fine way they have in the Navy.

Boys, whoever you are, please copy.

## THE GREAT JOY OF A CLEAN GAME



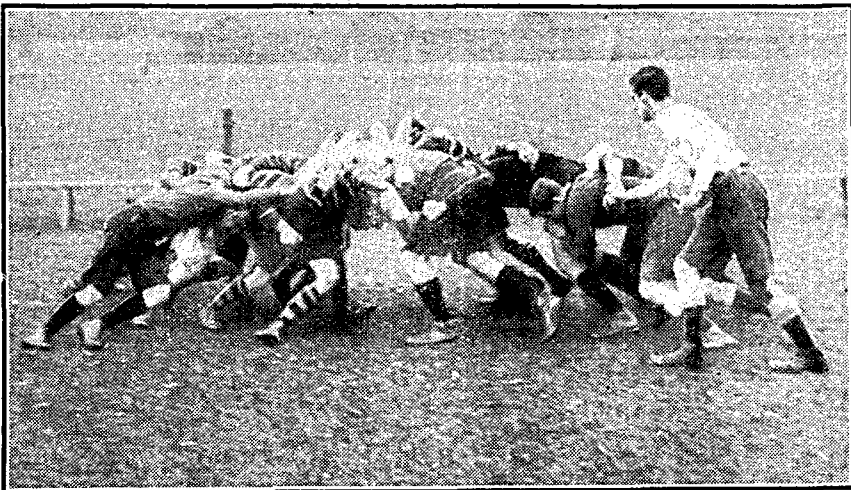
Cambridge on the Move—Craigmile, tackled, passes to Conway, the Cambridge captain



A Line-Out—A Cranleigh forward beats a Downside opponent for the ball



Well Tackled—A Blackheath player grasses an Old Merchant Taylor



Oxford Forming Down—E. Campbell, the Dark Blue half, ready to put the ball in the scrum

Rugby football, always known as Rugger, is the great game of the public schools and universities of England. These pictures show school and university fifteens engaged in friendly struggle. See next column

## PLAYING THE GAME

### FINE SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH BOY

### Great Tradition of Rugby Football

### HEROES MADE ON THE PLAYING FIELDS

By Our Athletic Correspondent

There has been a wonderful revival of the grand game of Rugger—as Rugby football is affectionately called by its devotees—throughout Britain this winter, and England's recent great victory over Wales at Twickenham is one of the results.

I was dining the other night with a friend who, if the fates are kind, will this year get his Rugger "cap" for England. The conversation turned on the losses which a famous London club, whose colours we both have the honour to wear, had suffered through the war. Pointing to a photograph hanging on the wall of the last fifteen to wear those colours before the 4th of August, 1914, my friend said: "There's a side for you! Nine internationals—the middle row internationals to a man. Where are they now?"

And he named player after player, all of whom, their last game played, their last try scored, sleep in

Some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England.

On the last Saturday of the 1913-14 season the London Scottish placed four teams in the field; of these sixty players forty-nine were killed. Altogether the club had seventy-three members killed and fifty-two wounded. Some of the smaller clubs lost almost all their playing members.

### Schoolboys' Great Tradition

All the great London clubs draw their members mostly from the great English public schools. It has been my privilege during the past two years to meet many of these boys—to play both with and against them. To me they are the very salt of the earth—the finest, cleanest-minded, manliest, most fearless set of boys I have ever known.

There is an expression with which everyone who plays Rugger in England is familiar. It is an expression which, although I have played football in many lands, I have heard only in England, and never out of it. To me it enshrines the spirit of the grand game which, with cricket, has made England what she is. "With you!" is the cry as an attack begins on your opponents' line. "With you!" you hear—and thrill to hear it—as the flying backs near the goal.

As in cricket, so in Rugger, the one thing that distinguishes the game from all others is the spirit of unselfishness it teaches. You play for your side and not for yourself. The club is the thing, the players but cogs in the wheel.

### The Deathless Spirit

Who can doubt that this fine tradition is carried from the field of sport into other fields as well? In Rugger your only thought is for your side. Such a thought was one of the last which poor Oates cherished before he went to his death into the Antarctic blizzard, and was never seen again. That other immortal—his dying leader, Scott—has told the deathless story. "Oates's last thoughts," he wrote, "were of his mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death."

It was in this spirit that the Rugger men of England met their deaths, too, on the stricken fields of France, of Mesopotamia, of Palestine, of Gallipoli. As long as the game is played as these men played it all will be well with England.

Pictures on this page



## COLOSSUS OF THE SKIES

### MEASURING THE GIANT STARS

#### Professor's Wonderful Work in America

#### TRIUMPH OF THE HUMAN MIND

The wonderful success of Professor Michelson of Chicago University in measuring some of the stars, as mentioned in the C.N. recently, has greatly stirred the whole scientific world.

The principle of the apparatus he has invented for the purpose is comparatively simple. The mirror of the reflecting telescope is obscured by an opaque cap with two slits which can be adjusted to different distances apart.

The instrument is focussed on a star, when, instead of the usual image, there appears a series of bands of light arranged at equal distances apart and parallel to the two slits. The slits are then moved farther and farther apart until the fringes of light disappear, and a calculation is then worked out which gives the angle made by the lines of light from the star. With this and the known distance of the star, which is found by other means, the diameter and volume, or contents, can be worked out.

#### Star that Would Fill the Sky

Betelgeuze, the northernmost star of the constellation of Orion, which Professor Michelson measured, has a diameter of 260 million miles, or more than 300 times that of the sun, and it would take 27 million suns like ours to equal Betelgeuze in bulk. If this great star were as near to the earth as is the sun, its brilliant surface would fill the whole of the visible heavens. The diagram in the next column, which shows the size of Betelgeuze compared with the orbits of the planets in our system, will give some idea of its immensity.

When, instead of a telescope and slits, Professor Michelson uses two adjustable mirrors with a special attachment, he gets even more delicate accuracy, and this adaptation has been used to measure another bright star, Capella. The spectroscope shows this star to consist really of two stars, but they are so close together as to appear one even in the most powerful telescopes.

#### The Pin a Thousand Miles Away

By means of Professor Michelson's attachment, however, it has been possible to measure the angle made by the beams of light from the two stars, and to determine their successive positions as they revolve in their orbits. The angle measured is so infinitesimal as to be almost inconceivable. To get a rough idea of its minuteness we may liken it to the angle made by the lines from the sides of a pinhead placed a thousand miles from our eyes.

American astronomers are full of enthusiasm at Professor Michelson's great success, and say the principles of the device are so sound that the figures may be accepted as absolutely accurate.

#### Honoured by All the World

Professor Michelson, who some years ago received the Nobel Prize for science, was born in Germany, but received his education in America, where he entered the Navy as a midshipman. But later he decided to devote himself to science, and very soon won a foremost place. The position he holds in Chicago University is that of Professor of Physics, not of Astronomy, as might be supposed.

Our own Royal Society in 1907 awarded him the Copley Gold Medal, one of the greatest scientific honours in the British Empire and, indeed, in the world; and he has received medals and degrees from many foreign universities.

It was Professor Michelson who demonstrated that the earth, instead of slipping through the ether of space, carried the ether with it, and that led to the invention of his new apparatus, which he calls the interferometer.

## THE BRIGHT GIRLS

### How to Play Your Part in the World

#### GUIDE AT A FIRE

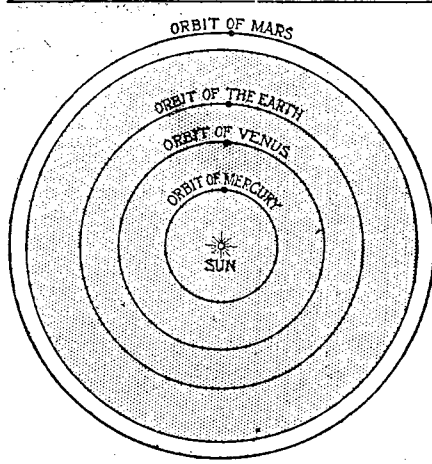
A short time ago, when a fire broke out at a house in Sparkhill, Birmingham, a 16-year-old Girl Guide played the biggest part in extinguishing it.

She summoned the fire-brigade, wasting no time looking for the fire-alarm call-box; for she knew where it was, and knew also how to use it without delay. Then she took command of the situation at the burning house and organised the helpers, so that when the fire-brigade arrived they found most of their work done.

This is a tribute to what can be done by training. The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of Birmingham are fortunate, for every week they go in batches to the central fire-station, where they receive instruction from the son of the fire chief, Mr. A. R. Tozer.

First they become acquainted with all the appliances and are taught their use. When they know the workings of the station switchboard and telephones they are given the privilege of sending and receiving test calls. Then they go a step farther, and learn the management of the escapes and hose-pipes and the treatment of injured persons. Afterwards they attend lectures on the various types of fires likely to be met with and the means of extinguishing them.

When they have become really efficient they are awarded the Fireman Badge; and, best of all, they are asked to present themselves for duty at every fire in their own locality.



The shaded part represents the size of the star Betelgeuze. See next column

## THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE DOOR

### Common-Sense and Good Manners

When a train comes into a station many people may be seen, especially in London, opening the carriage doors wide while the train is still moving, stepping out, and hurrying away, leaving the door wide open, sweeping its way along the platform to the danger of anyone standing near.

Again, when the train stops it is not unusual to see people open the door, not at a terminus, step out, and walk away, leaving the door wide open and the passengers inside exposed to the cold.

These are two bad customs with quite a number of people. What have the law and good manners to say on these points? If damage is done by the door left open the probability is that the law would sanction punishment of the person who left it open.

And certainly good manners require that in passing out of any door or through any gate the person who opens the door or the gate should close it again. That is the least that can be expected, and it is no excuse to say that other people are so ill-mannered as to offend against this common-sense and mannerly rule.

## BUDDHA

### STRIKING SCENE IN INDIA

#### Discovery of a Casket Buried 25 Centuries Ago

#### FAITH UNDER THE FLAG

A relic from a Buddhist shrine has been placed in a temple in Calcutta specially built to contain it, and the ceremony of placing it there has been attended by Lord Ronaldshay, the Governor of Bengal.

Hindu records say that on the death of Buddha, the founder of the widespread Buddhist faith, his ashes were placed in eight different places for preservation by eight kings. That was about 25 centuries ago, but one of these shrines has been explored, and caskets have been found with inscriptions saying that the relics enclosed were those of Buddha. They include a piece of bone, which Buddhists regard as a bone of Buddha, and therefore very sacred.

This relic has now found a lasting rest in a suitable shrine in the capital of Bengal, and Great Britain has officially shown its respect for the reverence kept up for centuries by faithful Buddhists.

#### Britain's Splendid Toleration

Everyone acknowledges that as a ruling power Great Britain has been respected everywhere; and one of the reasons why it is so is because she has regarded with consideration the feelings she has not shared. Especially is this so in religious matters.

Toward true reverence our attitude is one of respect. Our beliefs do not tread down the beliefs of other people.

It is quite possible that boys who read this incident today may, at some future time, be in authority in distant lands, representing the wishes of their country among men, different in race, colour and faith from themselves. And if that be so they will, perhaps, remember how they were told in the C.N. that true religion and sound wisdom show respect for reverent feelings wherever they are found, whether in Buddhist or Mohammedan or Sun-worshipper, for each expresses a sense of the Divine Power that rules the world on its way to the fulfilment of a mighty purpose.

## THE SAYINGS OF JESUS

### An Admirable Little Book

A little book that we should like to see in every home has just been issued by the Swarthmore Press. It contains all the spoken words of Jesus.

We do not think these most precious words that ever were spoken have ever been so happily arranged. Linked up with a record of events to which they belong, the words of Jesus are here set forth so that we may read them from beginning to end with interest and understanding. Some of the new sayings lately discovered are also included, and there is a preface by Professor J. A. Robertson of Aberdeen.

The book—unfortunately in paper covers—is published at half-a-crown.

## SNAKE AMONG THE HENS

### Were the Birds Spellbound?

An Isle of Wight reader describes a scene which may have some bearing on the belief that snakes have a power of fascinating birds.

One very sunny morning in the summer we heard a disturbance among the fowls, and, as the noise continued, we looked out and discovered that a snake about two feet long lay coiled on the path, with reared head, while round it, forming a complete circle, were about three dozen fowls, all looking at the creature, which seemed to have been roused by their cackling.

It is difficult to understand why the fowls watched so closely, without attempting to go away until one of us had killed the snake. We are inclined to think it was their manner of holding the snake prisoner.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### A FATHER OF BRITISH SCIENCE

#### Brilliant Scholar and His Famous Book

#### LAST OF THE ZULU KINGS

- Feb. 6. Joseph Priestley died in the U.S.A. . . 1804
- 7. Sir Thomas More born in London . . . 1478
- 8. Mary Queen of Scots executed Fotheringhay 1587
- 9. Cetewayo, King of the Zulus, died at Ekowe 1884
- 10. Lord Darnley killed near Edinburgh . . . 1567
- 11. London University founded . . . . . 1826
- 12. Abraham Lincoln born Shrewsbury, U.S.A. 1809

#### Dr. Joseph Priestley

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY was a successful experimenter in science in the days when knowledge that is now common was unknown. His special study was gases, with a view to discovering what the air is made of; and in the course of his researches he found and separated oxygen. He had begun by studying electricity, after his interest had been aroused by talk with the great American Benjamin Franklin.

Priestley, as a youth, was an ardent student of Eastern languages—Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac. Then he became a minister. His sympathy was awakened by the French Revolution, which he defended so earnestly that he was made by the French a citizen of their Republic. When his friends in Birmingham arranged to commemorate the taking of the Bastille by the French populace the English mob attacked his chapel, burned it to the ground, and destroyed his house, books, and scientific instruments.

Later, Priestley sought refuge in America, where the last ten years of his life were passed. He will always be honoured for his valuable additions to human knowledge.

#### Sir Thomas More

SIR THOMAS MORE was the greatest Englishman of Henry VIII's reign. A brilliant soldier and most lovable man, he rose rapidly to the highest positions in public life—Speaker of the House of Commons, and then Lord Chancellor of the Realm. He was one of Henry's most confidential friends, yet, when he refused to acknowledge Henry's supremacy in religion, he was beheaded.

More lives in men's minds today by his book called "Utopia." It was his picture of an ideal country, a country, that is, where everything was, according to his fancy, exactly what it ought to be.

The book was written in Latin and was published out of England. Though some of More's imaginary conditions in Utopia are foolish, a great number of them are wonderful forecasts of what has since come to pass and of changes that will be made in the future.

In the book eloquence and delightful humour accompany a prophetic insight.

#### Cetewayo

CETEWAYO, King of the Zulus, who died 37 years ago, was probably the last king who will lead, on a large scale, a war of uncivilised men against civilised men. If that should be so, his death marks an era in the world's story.

During the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century the Zulus, under a succession of powerful and cruel kings, built up a disciplined army of savage warriors who dominated South Africa outside the regions ruled by white men.

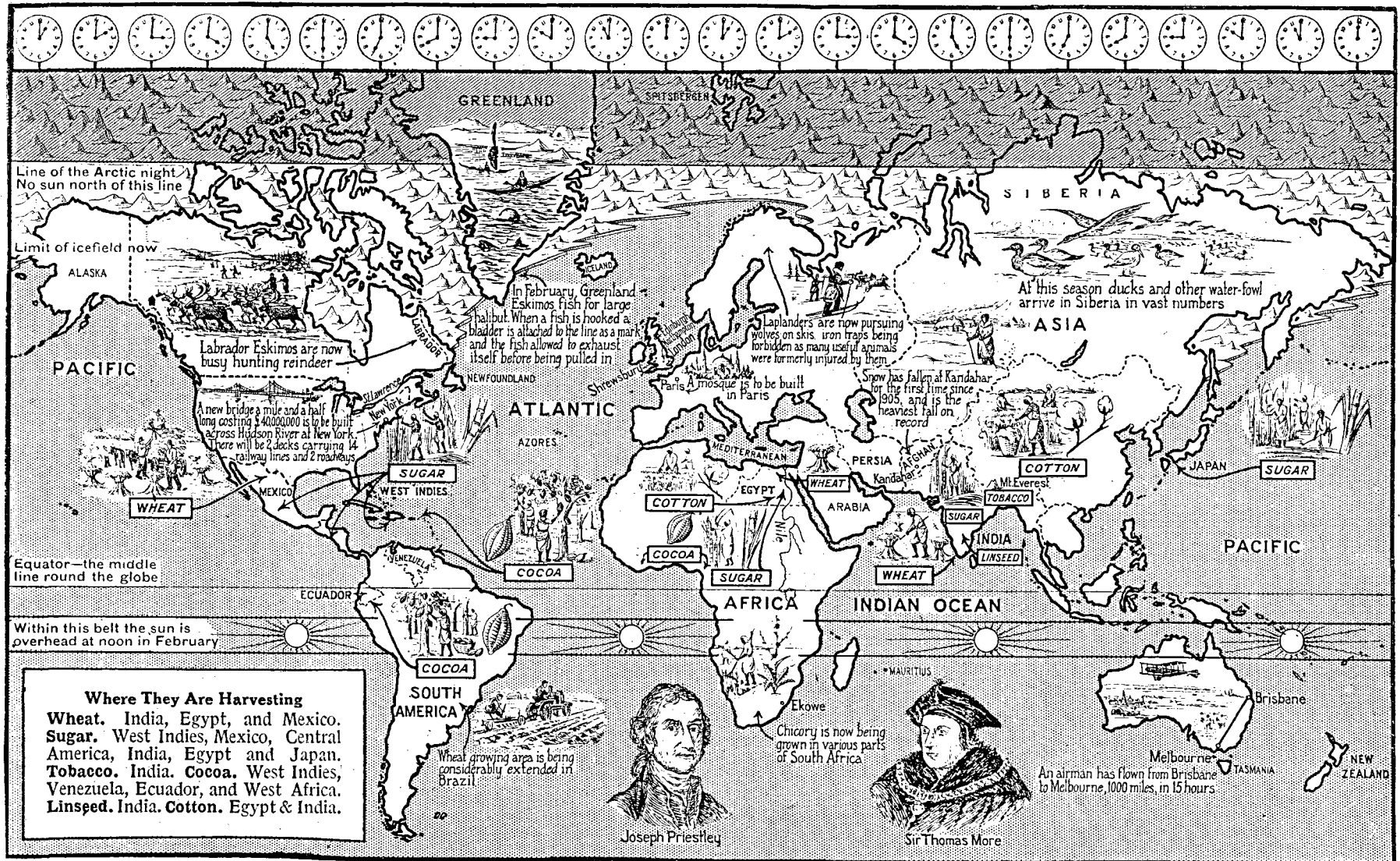
In 1879 came the clash of savagery and civilisation. At the first onset civilisation went down. A British force of 1600 men was utterly defeated at Isandhlwana by 10,000 Zulus on January 22; but at Rorke's Drift 80 British soldiers held out against 4000 Zulus.

The war went on till July 4, when 4200 British defeated 15,000 Zulus at Ulundi, and Cetewayo became a fugitive. Later he was captured.

Though afterwards the English were willing that he should rule under their supervision, he never regained his authority, and he died a discarded king, though under British protection.



PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



CAN SEA-SICKNESS BE PREVENTED?  
Science Helps the Weary Traveller

Students of the tracks of the sea at the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington, are hopeful that presently they may be able to suggest ways of building a ship that will save the coal bill, increase speed, and stop sea-sickness.

They have made there a little sea on land—over 170 yards long, ten yards wide, and four yards deep. On it they can test models of ships and create artificial storms that toss the models about, with short waves or long waves, causing either pitching or rolling, while the observers record results and study remedies.

Already they are testing the qualities of ships not yet built by launching exact wax models; and they claim they have been able to approve some designs and to warn builders against the defects of other designs.

The enemy of mankind aboard a ship is the deep, steady, swaying wave that rolls her without pause. Why cannot all ships be steady if some are?

It is a question thousands of people who sometimes go to sea are often asking, and the Teddington tank-observers have been able to answer it.

There is some measure of consolation in the thought that the problems of a ship's motion are being solved, though slowly, as well as the problems of high speed and low consumption of fuel.

If the experts succeed myriads of sufferers from sea-sickness will bare their heads and cry "Great is Research!"

Picture on page 12

THE WEATHER OF DECEMBER

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 18.3	London . . . ins. 2.36
Hours of rain . . . 78.9	Torquay . . . ins. 6.01
Wet days . . . 23	Newcastle . . . ins. 4.11
Dry days . . . 8	Cardiff . . . ins. 5.14
Warmest day . . . 31st	Fort William ins. 6.57
Coldest day . . . 13th	Dublin . . . ins. 1.98

LITTLE WILLIE'S BOYS  
Princes for the Farm and Office

If search had been made during the war for the least popular man in the world, the choice, probably, would have fallen on the ex-Kaiser's son, the Crown Prince, known slightly as Little Willie.

Outside Germany the elder William would have had the worst mark; but the younger William was disliked in Germany as well as out of it.

Yet everybody has some good points, and, if the Dutch newspapers are correct, the good point of William Hohenzollern Junior is his sensible plan for bringing up his sons.

He has two of them, who are at a good school in Germany. That is why he cannot have them with him at his place of exile in Holland.

He says they have not time for amusements; they are studying so hard to make themselves useful men. The ambition of little William, the third of the name, runs in the direction of being a farmer; while young Lulu means to be a merchant and extend the trade of his country abroad. With these plans their father says he agrees. It is the most sensible thing ever heard of him.

If it lasts it looks promising for Germany's future.

POOR DANZIG  
City Without Friends

The condition of the port of Danzig today shows how difficult it is to make alterations in trade or government without doing harm.

Danzig is now a free town, with its own government—a condition, one might think, of which it would be proud.

But the effects have been to leave Danzig very poor, for Germany has lost a good deal of her interest in the town, and Poland is not cordial toward it. Each country thinks of its own special interests. The result is that Danzig languishes short of trade, and even short of food.

HULLO, NEW YORK!  
Talking Right Round the World

Although the wireless telephone between Europe and America is not yet in use commercially, great progress is being made in this direction, and Marconi engineers have already spoken from Ireland to Canada and received replies.

That the wireless telephone is quite a practical idea is also evidenced by the fact that while Signor Marconi was on a cruise in the Mediterranean he used this method of communication daily as a matter of course. Articles from London papers were read out to him from Chelmsford while he was in the Bay of Naples, and not only could he hear perfectly, but the speaker's voice was easily recognised.

There are still a few technical difficulties to be overcome, but no doubt in a comparatively short time we shall all be using the wireless telephone to speak to almost any part of the world.

HELPING THE BOY SCOUTS  
The Prince's Fund

Though this is a barren part of the year for money, when everyone is balancing his last year's accounts and meeting annual charges, the Boy Scouts Fund, so happily started by the Prince of Wales, is growing steadily.

Sir Marcus Samuel, who offered to give £1000 to the fund if twenty other people would each give as much, will no doubt have to redeem his promise.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Aisne . . . . .	Ana
Capella . . . . .	Cah-pet-lah
Cetewayo . . . . .	Kaych-way-o
Gaimes . . . . .	Games
Isandhlwana . . . . .	E-sahnd-lwah-nah
Kinchinunga . . . . .	Kin-chin-joon-gah
Nepal . . . . .	Ne-pawl

SUBMARINE'S LAST DIVE  
Tragedy of the K5  
HER COMMANDER'S WONDERFUL EXPLOIT

It is strange how in these days of peace men's minds are stirred by tragic happenings that pass unnoticed in war.

Is it because people became so hardened to the horrors of the five terrible years that preceded the Armistice that a loss such as that of the K5 off the Scillies the other day, with its little crew of six officers and fifty-one men, would have hardly had more than an inch or two of space accorded to it by newspapers whose columns today are full of the story?

Whatever the answer, the tragedy of the K5 brings home to us all the debt we owe to the brave seamen who face peril that we may live in safety.

It was while engaged in experimental exercises in deep water, 150 miles off the Scilly Islands, that the K5, a war-time submarine, dived to make a sham attack, never to rise again.

The commander, Lieutenant-Commander John Austin Gaimes, D.S.O., was one of the best-known and most adventurous of all our great submarine captains whose names are imperishably written in England's naval story. He discovered the secret passage through the German minefield at Heligoland, and actually landed on the island from a boat and listened to the voices of the German garrison.

What of the homes in Portsmouth? Twelve streets are in mourning there; many widows and orphans are bereft of their breadwinners. One of the widows told a sad story of her lost husband's forebodings of disaster. He seemed nervous about the K5, she said, and told her that once the K5 dived and her nose stuck on the bottom, but the crew were able to get her to the surface.

Now he has gone, and 56 others with him. It is the price of Admiralty.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 5 1921

## Better or Worse?

This truth within thy mind rehearse,  
That in a boundless universe  
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

A GREAT pessimist who talks from a high pulpit has set the whole world asking itself whether the human race, instead of marching on to the Millennium, is not really marking time.

Is the average Englishman a more complete man than the average Athenian of the time of Pericles? Is the French citizen of today a better citizen than the average Roman of the time of Marcus Aurelius?

The real answer to these searching questions reveals a truth of tremendous importance. The world does not *necessarily* move forward to better things.

Nature is on the side of the good and beautiful, but Nature will not maintain progress for us; we must do it ourselves. There is no total movement of the human race toward every possible kind of betterment, but there is no such thing as stagnation. Every human creature is moving for better or for worse. As Coleridge said long ago, Man is either moving upward to become an angel, or downward to become a devil: *he cannot stop at the animal.*

Progress is really to be sought not in the mass but in each one of us. The good man of today is better, on the whole, than the good man of years ago, and the best man of today is better than the best man of any other age.

There is always a "little flock" in the midst of the world, and, however much the mass may err and go astray, that little flock carries on the movement of progress. They are the salt of the earth, the light of the world. It is impossible to imagine any good man of our day calmly contemplating those tortures which were common in ages of the greatest culture. It is impossible to think of even a decent man of our time defending slavery, as Gladstone did, or opposing the release of small children from factories, as John Bright did.

But we should be grateful to our gloomy preacher. He makes us think. He forces us to be honest. The world is nothing like as good as it should be. Progress is by no means an automatic process. We have got to work, and work hard, if we are to escape the wrong kind of progress—the progress toward horrible and unthinkable evil. For if man can become better, he can also become worse.

Let us all face this truth. Every one of us is either helping mankind to climb nearer to perfection or thrusting the human race forward to increasing evil. Mankind is moving; some are struggling upward, many are rushing headlong downward. On which side are we?



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Dora Turns Her Back

THERE is a reader of this newspaper who boasts of having broken the law of the land, and rejoices in it.

A girl reached England on a Sunday afternoon after a rough passage across the storm-tossed Channel. The upset caused by her unpleasant crossing left her indisposed to eat when taken to a café on landing, but she had a 70-mile motor journey ahead of her, and the prospect of hunger before reaching her father's dinner-table. She thought a banana on the way might be welcome. So a couple of bananas were ordered.

"It is Sunday; you may eat the bananas here, miss, but you must not take them away—that is the law." So said the waiter as he withheld the fruit. That is the law, it should be explained, according to Dora, the Defence of the Realm Act, passed for war emergencies, and still left to annoy us and make itself ridiculous.

"Then if that is the law, you turn your back and make out my bill," said the man of the party.

Dora, represented by an obliging waiter, turned her back, and the man popped the bananas into his pocket, paid his bill, and went out.

Laws ought to be obeyed, but silly impertinences that are miscalled laws will be broken under the stress of the higher law of common sense.

## Proverb of the Day



To a Talkative Person:  
Spare your breath to cool your porridge

## Hard Work and the Bible

A STORY we have never heard before has just been told of the late Earl Grey, the much-loved Governor-General of Canada.

He once lost his way in the prairie and at last came to a desolate homestead far from even the smallest village. An old Scotswoman, her face wrinkled by years of hard toil, came out to him, and, hearing who he was, exclaimed: "It would be easier for me to speak to the Lord Christ than to the likes of you." Lord Grey said: "Of course it would, because you have spoken to Him every day of your life for many, many years; whereas this is the first time we have met."

Nobody knows, Lord Grey used to say in telling this story, how many Canadians from the Old Country support the solitude of the prairie by hard work and the Bible.

## A Chance for a Publisher

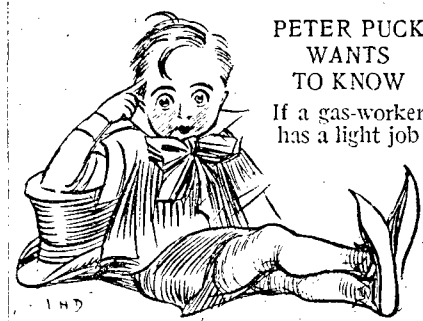
A NEW record has been set up in these record-breaking days. A very estimable colonel, we are told, has sent 750 letters to the Times, and not one has been printed.

Why not string them all together and call them a novel, and send them to a publisher? We imagine they would be quite as interesting as many of the novels we see advertised!

## Tip-Cat

ONLY our Prime Minister now remains in office of the Big Four who made the Peace Treaty. Apparently the Peace Treaty did not make the world safe for those who made it.

THE law, says Mr. Justice Darling, does not use microscopes. They would be useless, seeing that Justice is blind.



NORMAL prices are sneaking back again. Ashamed of having been away so long, no doubt.

A BATH alderman says our houses are not so bad as they are painted. Then why paint them so badly?

MR. ADDISON complains that he has no control over economy. Somebody should give him a money-box.

A BOY scout, it seems, must learn to know a tree by its bark. He mustn't mistake it for a bough-wough.

SOMEBODY has put up an "absolutely fireproof" building in New York. We are informed that it has been insured against fire.

THE League of Nations is said to be hanging fire. Better than eating it, anyhow.

## Somebody Else's Duty

THERE are many people who believe in all sorts of good ideals—for other people. There was the pious editor in America who said:

I do believe in Freedom's cause  
As far away as Paris is.

There was the socialist who was willing to share everything except pigs—because he had two.

And now comes a delegate at a Soviet Congress in Moscow who jumped up and said: "Of course I am in favour of the emancipation of women—but not all. My wife must sit at home."

Is it not a queer world, with most people willing that somebody else should do his duty?

## The Queer Old Gentleman

And the House with the Big Gates

By Our Town Girl in the Country

THE other day I came upon a lonely hamlet sheltering in the lee of a great hill miles from anywhere—half a dozen cottages and a farm. I was amazed presently to come on an imposing gateway.

Beyond this stately gateway of wrought iron and stone was a broad carriage-drive which wound away between a natural avenue of beeches, and at every sigh which escaped from the lips of autumn a fresh handful of golden leaves fell to the thick carpet on the ground. On either side was a paddock of rank, dewy grass, and in the distance firs and shrubs screened the house from sight.

Everything was so still that I started violently when a man came up from behind me and opened the gate. He seemed to be a gardener, and, staring as one unused to the sight of a stranger, asked me if I were admiring the avenue. When I told him that I was he asked me if I had heard about it, and, on hearing that I had only come upon it by chance, he invited me to enter and see the grounds, saying his master was out.

It was a long walk, but a beautiful one. Between the trees plaster gods and goddesses, mostly stained by the weather and sometimes tossed over by storms, appeared from time to time. We passed a lake, enclosed in trees and overgrown with water weeds, while the Neptune who rode his dolphins in its midst was green with slime. We passed grass banks and lawns that wanted mowing, yew hedges that wanted trimming, and rose-beds that wanted weeding. It seemed some great estate that had fallen on evil days. I was very curious to see the house.

Suddenly a sweep of the drive brought us right upon it. I uttered a cry of astonishment. It was a little stone cottage, not even a farmhouse, hardly ambitious enough for a lodge.

The gardener smiled at my surprise, like one who has waited for the effect of a joke. "Master made the place forty years ago," he said. "He's well past eighty now. He made a lot of money when he was young, they say, and I suppose he had some great disappointment, for he says this place is a sort of lesson: getting a thing is always better than having it—that's how he puts it. He's a queer, crabby old gentleman."

Yes, he must be a queer old gentleman, living out his long life, like a spider in his web, in that bitter jest of a home. And yet, if he had set his heart on getting something fine, something worth the having, would he have found it all he hoped, I wonder.

## The Hearth

When the logs are burning free,  
Then the fire is full of glee;  
When each heart gives out its best,  
Then the talk is full of zest;  
Light your fire and never fear,  
Life was made for love and cheer.

HENRY VAN DYKE



## UNITED SOUTH AFRICA

### BRITONS AND BOERS WORK TOGETHER

#### Splendid Loyalty of General Smuts

#### SELF-GOVERNMENT WITHIN THE EMPIRE

This week a general election is being held in British South Africa, and the result is a matter of great importance.

Twenty-one years ago a war was raging there between the Boers and the British. After it had ended in a British victory a settlement was made that was honourable to both sides. It was agreed that the different States should join in a Union of South Africa under the British Crown, Dutch and British having equal rights as citizens, and the whole territory having self-government within the British Empire.

This settlement was regarded by all the world as very wise and just. It was accepted by the Boer leaders, Generals Botha and Smuts, and has been worked by Boers and British with a splendid loyalty and success.

#### Two Great Statesmen

During the Great War these two fine statesmen, of Boer parentage, were among the most highly-valued advisers and commanders engaged in counsel and in warfare, and South Africa played an honourable part in breaking the evil ambition and power of Germany.

Now, unhappily, the old jealousies of race which led to the Boer War have broken out afresh, and a section of the Boers are taking as a future aim the formation of a republic that will not be included in the British Empire.

To understand what is happening we must remember that the population in South Africa is mixed—Dutch and British. In some States it is predominantly British in sympathy and also largely British in race. In other States—the Transvaal and Orange Free State—it is almost entirely Dutch, or Boer, in the country, though largely British in the towns, where mining and other industries are carried on. And everywhere the large native population is strongly favourable to the British.

#### South Africa's Four Parties

The differences in race and opinion have led to the formation of four parties in the South African Parliament; in the present general election they have become only three parties.

One party was the Boer Opposition, calling itself the National Party, under General Hertzog, who wished South Africa to be a republic outside the British Empire. But a section of the Boers, led by General Smuts, accepts as best the existing arrangement of self-government by a friendly union of races within the British Empire, and calls itself the South African Party.

Then, in the industrial towns, the British have had their own party, called the Unionists, who agree with the South African Party, and are admirers and supporters of General Smuts.

#### Great Question of the Day

But in the same town areas, where the Unionists are strong, there is an active but weak Labour Party, who in the past have been acting with the Nationalist Boers, and together these two opposition parties have made government very difficult.

The effect of these alliances has been that General Smuts has had a majority of only four in the South African Parliament, and that is not large enough to carry on. General Smuts, therefore, has called for another election, and in his support the South African and Unionist Parties have united as one.

The serious question at stake in the election is whether the friendly settlement made after the Boer War is to have the support of the majority of the people.

## MAROONED IN THE FROZEN NORTH

THE world is anxiously waiting for word which may come through at any moment from the frozen North of the success or failure of a brave attempt at rescue by a Japanese warship.

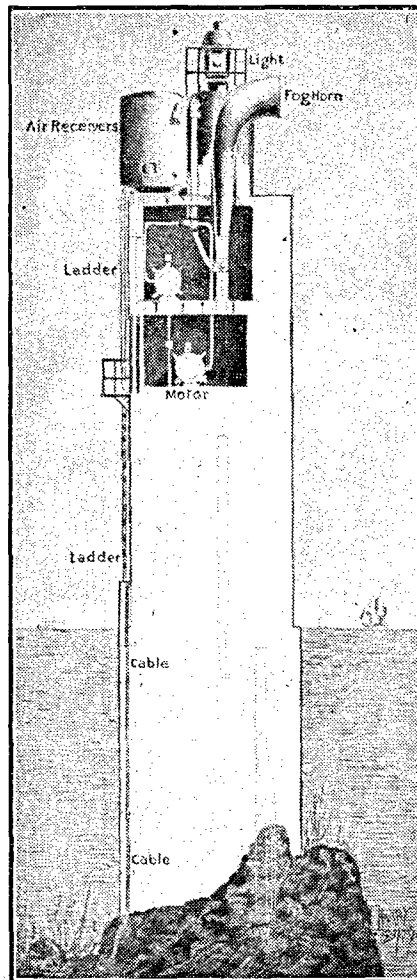
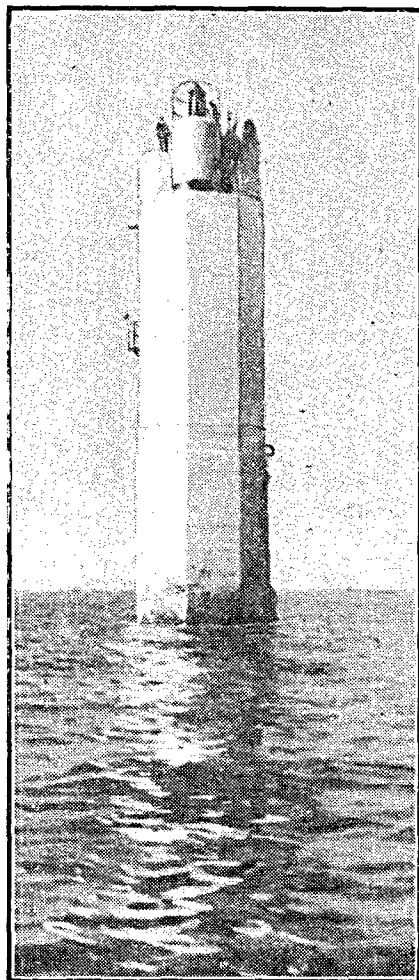
She has sent her aeroplanes to the rescue of a little band of about seventy people aboard an ice-breaker which broke loose from her moorings at Alexandrovsk, and, driving northward, finally became locked in the ice, so that hope has almost been abandoned by her crew.

A wireless message—the last received from the ship—holds out little hope of rescue; but the Japanese sailors, true

to the great traditions of seamen the world over, are not going to leave these unfortunate people to a miserable fate, and are quite confident that all will yet be well.

The warship will push as far north as the ice allows, and will then send out her aeroplanes to sweep the horizon until the imprisoned ice-breaker is located. An errand of mercy such as this brings home to us all the debt we owe to science and to the brave men who put its inventions to such practical use as the sailors and airmen of this Japanese warship.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE WITHOUT A KEEPER



Lighthouses, like that shown in the picture, fitted with a powerful acetylene lamp and foghorn, are now being built on lonely rocks, and are worked by electric cable from the distant shore instead of having keepers. A strange story of one of these lighthouses is told on page 2

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A wild cat 37 inches long has been trapped in Argyllshire.

An American farmer has started a travelling kinema on his farm to attract and hold labourers.

#### A Short Will

The will of Mr. Robert Jardine of Kensington, leaving over £800,000, consisted of only 136 words.

#### £10 for a Lost Torpedo

The Naval Commander-in-Chief of the Coast of Scotland is offering £10 reward for the recovery of a lost torpedo.

#### A Long-Range Gun

A new gun being tried at Liège is said to have a range of more than 200 miles. Such a gun placed on the cliffs at Dover could easily bombard Paris.

#### Should Labour Exchanges Go?

A thousand business firms at Birmingham who were asked what they thought of Labour Exchanges replied that they thought they were not worth their money and should be abolished.

#### Canary 17 Years Old

An Erith reader mentions that the family canary is 17 years old and quite well. Of course, our mention of 15 years as a canary's length of life was given as the usual old age of these birds and not as a maximum.

In London there is a street accident every 45 minutes all through the year.

A French farmer falling off a barn roof recovered his speech, lost in the war through shell-shock.

#### A Battle With Rats

Huge rats on a steamer at Philadelphia fought the crew for hours when the men tried to reach the cargo.

#### Removing the Scars of War

Twelve million pine trees have been sent from America to Europe to replace forests destroyed during the war.

#### New Inhabitants of the Thames

About 14,000 perch and roach, of a very good quality and size, were put in the Thames by the Thames Angling Preservation Society not long ago.

#### The Nibbler in the Window

Pedestrians in a Birmingham street have lately been amused at the spectacle of a mouse in the window of a first-class confectioner's, calmly nibbling his way through a big mince pie.

#### Bronze Age Relics

An appeal has been made to private owners of collections of Bronze Age implements to allow them to be indexed in a national catalogue. Particulars should be sent to Mr. Harold Peake, Westbrook House, Newbury.

## CLIMBING TO THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

### REGION OF ETERNAL BLIZZARDS

#### Can Men Reach the Top of Mount Everest?

#### HOW THE AEROPLANE MAY HELP

Preparations for the conquest of Mount Everest, the world's highest peak, are now afoot, but the task of reaching this lofty pinnacle is a more difficult one than that of reaching the Poles.

Astonishingly little is known about Mount Everest, and although its height has been calculated by trigonometry as 29,141 feet, or five and a half miles, it is quite possible that it is even higher, for the curious light effects on the tops of these tall mountains may lead to inaccuracy in measuring. The strange thing is that it is far easier to measure accurately the height of the mountains on the moon than that of these giant peaks to the North of India.

Yet although Mount Everest is so lofty it is but a tiny speck on the surface of the earth. On the very largest of our artificial globes a grain of sand would greatly exaggerate the proportionate size of Mount Everest, which is only one fifteen hundredth of the earth's diameter.

#### Dangers and Difficulties

This great mountain, which, curiously enough, does not appear to the eye so lofty as some of its more isolated companions, like Kinchinjunga, 28,176 feet high, is situated in Nepal; and so far no white man has reached even its base. It is all absolutely unknown territory, and has only been seen from a distance.

There are many difficulties in the way of the would-be climbers. In the first place the snow-capped summit is continually swept by terrific blizzards which drive the snow about in perpetual drifts. As Sir Francis Younghusband, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, has explained, telescopic observation shows that the peak is for ever wrapped in one eternal snowstorm.

#### The Final Rush

Then, at this tremendous elevation, the air is so rarefied as to make breathing extremely difficult, and it is calculated by experts that unless the last ten thousand feet can be climbed at the rate of 500 feet an hour it will be impossible to reach the top, as no human being could resist the effects of the mountain sickness that comes at such heights.

One very great advantage the expedition will have over any attempts which might have been made a few years ago is that likely routes can be spied out by aeroplane, and suitable camping grounds surveyed from the air. Of course no aeroplane would land on the mountain, as the airmen might be stranded, only to perish miserably in a place that no man had ever before reached. But photographs can be taken, which will no doubt prove of great assistance. In the preliminary survey this year, however, the airmen will not be helping

#### Cut Off By Precipices

Probably a number of separate expeditions will have to be organised to attempt the climb by a variety of routes. The perils of the explorers will include blizzards, intense cold, avalanches, rarefied air, blinding snowstorms, and terrific winds. In other ways the Himalayas are much more difficult than the Alps, for many of the mountains are cut off all round in their middle regions by precipitous cliffs that are constantly swept by avalanches of snow and ice.

The preliminary survey this year is to be undertaken by a party organised jointly by the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society, and will start about May, when the snow melts in the passes.

It is a fascinating thought that men may soon stand for the first time on the very top of the world's roof.



## PANCAKE DAY QUAINT OLD SCHOOL CUSTOM

Famous Men Who Fought for  
the Pancake

### COOK LOSES HIS FRYING-PAN

Next Tuesday is Pancake Day, beloved of all boys and girls, and the famous ceremony of tossing the pancake will take place at Westminster School, near the Abbey, as it has done every year since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

The great struggle is known as the Pancake Greeze, and is looked forward to with keen anticipation by all the boys. On the morning of Shrove Tuesday they take their places in the middle of the school, the spectators and masters standing at a safe distance.

Then, as eleven o'clock strikes, a verger, wearing his gown and carrying the silver baton of office, marches in from the kitchen, followed by that important dignitary the cook, in his white apron, jacket, and cap, bearing the frying-pan with the pancake.

### A Guinea for a Pancake

Having announced himself as "The Cook," he advances to the bar which separates the upper and lower schools, twirls the pancake in the pan once or twice, and then tosses it skilfully over the bar into the seething crowd of boys all eager to secure the prize. If any one boy gets it he is entitled to a guinea, and from time to time the reward is won, though generally the pancake is seized by at least a dozen hands and is torn into shreds, not before it has left its mark on the clothes of the boys.

When the cook succeeds in tossing the cake over the bar he claims a fee of two guineas. It needs a good deal of skill to do this, and in the middle of the 19th century there was once a great row because the cook failed to clear the bar three years in succession.

### Books for the Cook

The irate boys carried out an old custom known as "booking." According to tradition, if the cook failed to hurl the pancake over the bar the boys might throw books at him from all directions, and in 1864 they exercised this privilege so vigorously that the cook lost his temper and attacked them with the frying-pan. There was a fierce struggle, which ended in the cook throwing the pan at his assailants, and one boy was wounded in the head.

The head monitor thereupon went and reported to the Dean, who gave him permission to keep the frying-pan as an heirloom for ever. The famous struggle was celebrated in a long Greek poem written after the style of Homer.

### Ring the Pancake Bell

Many famous men have taken part in the fight for the pancake at Westminster. We read of John Dryden struggling on the floor with young Christopher Wren, and in 1743 the rivals for the pancake included William Cowper and Warren Hastings, while at other times John Locke and Edward Gibbon were among eager aspirants.

It is said that tossing the pancake was formerly practised at Eton also, and in the county of Westmorland it was a regular part of the village Shrove-tide celebrations. A pancake bell was rung at eleven o'clock, when people immediately began to fry their batter, and the origin of this was the ringing of the church bell in the old days, calling the people to be shriven—that is, to confess their sins. It is from this that Shrove Tuesday takes its name.

Shakespeare knew all about pancakes, for he uses the comparison "As fit as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday;" and in some versions of Oranges and Lemons the lines occur:

Pancakes and fritters,  
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

## GRENFELL OF LABRADOR

Stirring Life of a Great Englishman

### BOY WHO LOVED GAMES AND THE OPEN AIR

A Book to be Read

A Labrador Doctor: the Autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell. With 28 illustrations. Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.

Passing through crowded Shadwell, in the East of London, in 1885, a young medical student at the London Hospital stopped outside a big tent where Mr. Moody was preaching and Mr. Sankey singing to his harmonium. Looking in, he heard a dull man praying a long, long prayer, and he was just about to turn away when Mr. Moody surprised him by saying to the audience, "Let us sing a hymn while our brother finishes his prayer."

The young doctor felt that a man who could stop a bore like that must be worth hearing, so he stayed. And when he left he felt that he had got an object in life. That object was to do always what he thought Christ would do if Christ were in his place.

### Boy Who Loved Games

The young doctor, Wilfred Grenfell, was a fine athlete, born of a family of soldiers, clergymen, and schoolmasters. He had been brought up to love games and an open-air life; he was as much at home in the water as on the shore, in a boat as on the land. He had developed his games at Marlborough College, and then, after a short stay at Oxford, he had gone to London to train as a doctor. At the hospital he was a leader in all sports, a thoroughly manly fellow, and a promising student when he looked in at the Moody and Sankey meeting.

Other speakers at these meetings were the brothers J. K. and C. T. Studd, the most brilliant University cricketers of that period, and young Grenfell went to hear them. This is how he tells what happened.

Never shall I forget at the meeting of the Studd brothers the audience being asked to stand up if they intended to try to follow Christ. It appeared a very sensible question to me, but I was amazed how hard I found it to stand up. At last one boy, out of a hundred or more in sailor rig, from an industrial ship on the Thames, suddenly rose. It seemed to me such a wonderfully courageous act—for I knew perfectly well what it would mean to him—that I immediately found myself on my feet, and went out feeling I had crossed the Rubicon, and must do something to prove it.

### Among the Lonely Fishermen

This book is the modest personal story of how, for the last 35 years, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell has been trying to redeem his promise, and in practical work, inspired by love, do what he thinks Christ would have done had He been a doctor in the present age.

It is a book of work not of preaching, though Dr. Grenfell has taught as well as lived and worked Christianity, as he has found opportunities. Teaching goodness and living goodness have been interwoven all the while with wise, practical, manly helpfulness, so as to make a consistent whole.

The doctor's life, after it became a mission, divides itself into three parts. First, his work as a young man among the poorest boys in the East End slums; second, his work as a doctor among the trawlers of the North Sea fishing fleet; and, thirdly and

chiefly, his labours for more than a quarter of a century on the Labrador coast, among the fishermen of that region and of Newfoundland.

But, first of all, there is a charming sketch of the vigorous boyhood that flowered naturally into a splendidly adventurous and noble life. Dr. Grenfell writes about his boyhood like a boy. He still has a boy's heart. Glorious times he had as a boy on the sands of Dee, where his father had a large school to which the children invited their friends during holidays.

It was his boyishness that made young Dr. Grenfell a natural leader for the East London children from the "mean streets" when he took them out in hundreds camping and boating in Wales and climbing Snowdon.

### In the Frozen North

When he joined the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen there were 20,000 fishermen tossing about for long periods on the uneasy North Sea, sending their catches into the market ports by carrier steamers, and scarcely any medical service was available for them, though accidents were happening constantly. Grenfell's fine work there was a natural introduction to his special service to a more lonely body of fishermen on the Labrador coast.

Many thousands of fishermen move up from Newfoundland to the bare, rocky coast of Labrador for the summer fishery and sealing, but only a few thousands are left on the coast in winter in permanent homes. When, at the age of 27, in the year 1892, Dr. Grenfell cast in his lot with these residents on a wind-swept, bitterly cold, and barren shore, he found the people often in the deepest poverty, harassed by debt, and unattended by doctors, though often suffering from accident and disease, and he set himself to help them in every way.

His autobiography tells how he travelled among them from Newfoundland to Hudson's Bay, winning their confidence, sharing their fine-spirited hospitality, establishing a co-operative system of sale and purchase that removed much poverty, starting hospital ships, hospitals ashore, and children's homes, building saw-mills, and beginning fur-farming.

### Life of Romance

In the intervals of his strenuous and dangerous toil he lectured to gather funds so that no part of the coast should be without medical aid.

It is a noble record of a high purpose faithfully and humbly fulfilled.

Perhaps the most curious story in a book that abounds with pictures of unusual life is that of the attempt to make the reindeer a valuable helper, as it is in Lapland. The Labrador people were almost unanimously against the experiment. They said that the presence of the reindeer excited their Eskimo dogs and made them unmanageable, and they admitted that they were not able to resist the temptation to poach the deer when they were kept in an enclosure. The reindeer proved to be a disturbing change, and were got rid of.

The distinctive feature of Dr. Grenfell's autobiography is that it describes a little-known life, full of romance, but following always a clear purpose—the practical help of brother men.

## C.N. MONTHLY MAKES A RECORD SECRET OF A GREAT MAGAZINE

Why it is Leaping Ahead so Fast

### MR. HAMILTON FYFE EXPLAINS TO AN AMERICAN

There is probably only one magazine in the British Isles which added nearly 50 per cent. to its circulation last year. It is the C.N. Monthly—My Magazine.

It follows the British flag throughout the world. It keeps company with the C.N. among hundreds of thousands of readers, and there must be some reason why all who know it love it. Here Mr. Hamilton Fyfe gives his impressions of the reason why My Magazine is so popular.

An American friend said to me the other day:

"Why have you no magazines in your country which can be put beside ours? Yours all seem to be full of nothing but stories. That suits a certain class of readers, but there are many who want articles which appeal to their intelligence, add to their store of knowledge, interest them in realities. I haven't seen any English magazine which supplies that want."

"Have you ever looked through a copy of My Magazine?" I asked him. He shook his head.

"It's quite as good as your American publications," I told him. "It is edited by a very well-known journalist, Arthur Mee, who understands the secret of good editing. He never prints anything which does not interest him personally; he never asks any contributor to write on a subject which does not have a stimulating effect upon his own mind."

### Things that Matter

I sent for a volume of My Magazine, and we looked through it together.

"Here, you see, is a genuine reflection of the thought of intelligent people. All that is being talked about, all the discoveries and inventions that bring change into our lives, all the activities of colonisers, explorers, scientists, are explained in these pages in a way even children can understand. I don't mean that the language is exaggeratedly simple; it is just ordinary good English. What I do mean is that the treatment of all topics is so vivid and attractive that they enforce interest and make a lasting impression on the reader's mind. Look at this—A Hundred Questions and Answers About Wireless. It told me a hundred times more than I knew."

"But it isn't by any means all science. There's a lot of history, old and new, all told so as to make it live, all looked at as human documents."

### Romance of Reality

"Through the whole magazine runs a colouring of sane patriotism—no flag-waving or boasting that we are not as other men are. Warm love of these islands, keen appreciation of what men and women of British stock have done, mingle with the desire to do justice to the merits of other peoples and to see every one treated fairly."

"Architecture and painting are illustrated, travel talks enlarge one's ideas about far-off lands, natural history is made delightful, the romance of reality is shown to be quite as enthralling as romantic fiction. Why and How are constantly met with; many points we have always been doubtful about are cleared up in an enlightening way."

"Yes," my friend admitted, "this is certainly a surprise to me. I don't think we could beat it at the price. It's full of just the articles I was thinking about. Now that I've become acquainted with it I shall keep the acquaintance up."

That is what everybody says who looks at My Magazine; that is why it is sold out every month.



## THE WEEK IN NATURE

### Newts Appear in Ponds

#### PIGEONS BEGIN TO LAY

By Our Country Correspondent

**February 6.** The house pigeon is earlier in nesting and bringing up a family than the rock dove, or wild pigeon, from which all our varieties of tame pigeons have probably come. It is already laying, and the young will hatch out early in March.

**February 7.** The efts, or newts, have been hibernating on land during the winter, but now they are beginning to get active, and the little smooth newt is appearing in ponds. This is similar in its habits to the more handsome great warty newt, but is much smaller.

**February 8.** The flowers of butcher's broom, which are now opening, are far less conspicuous and showy than the handsome scarlet berries, as large as marbles, that come later. The blossoms are green and very small, and grow singly. The plant obtained its name from the fact that it was formerly much used by butchers for sweeping their blocks, the stiff leaves and branches making it serviceable for this purpose.

**February 9.** A familiar sight in the fields and on public roads in the country just now is the pied wagtail. Its feathers are black and white, and its long legs were clearly designed for walking. The bird is very active, and trips along rapidly, every now and then taking a quick succession of jerky flights.

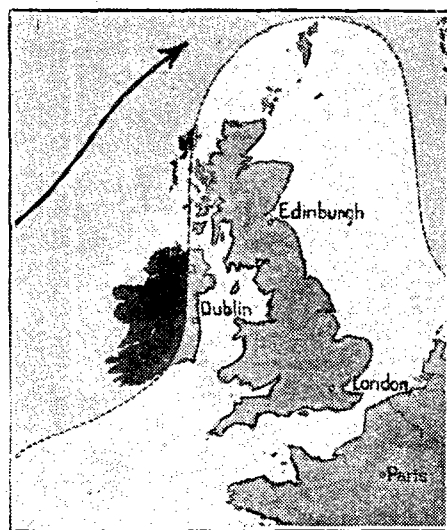
**February 10.** Primroses are, of course, found in sheltered spots at the New Year, and the writer had quite a number in blossom in his garden on Christmas Day, but it is now that these beautiful flowers are reaching perfection and coming out in great profusion.

**February 11.** The little golden-crested wren, our smallest native bird, with its bright-yellow crown and dark-brown bill, has begun to sing, and its weak, thin squeak should be listened for.

**February 12.** The elder, one of our earliest common trees to don its summer mantle, is beginning to leaf. John Evelyn, the diarist, regarded its leaves, bark, and berries as a remedy for almost every human ailment.

## C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Storms of February



This map shows the storm areas in the United Kingdom for February. The frequency of the storms is indicated by the darkness of the area, and the arrow shows the direction.

## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Continue to manure, dig, or trench all vacant ground when the weather will permit, and take advantage of the first opportunity to prepare the ground for sowing the general crops of onions, parsnips, carrots. Examine stored roots.

Make a small sowing of Ellam's Early cabbage, or other early kind; in a warm border plant out from the autumn sowing. These plants will form a succession to the general crop. Lay new turf without delay, and gravel walks.

## RUINED CITY OF HEROD

### WHY EGYPTIAN STATUES APPEAR INCORRECT

#### Queer Theory of an Ancient Microbe

#### SOLDIER'S DISCOVERY

Ascalon, or Ashkelon, one of the Bible cities, where Samson slew the 30 treacherous Philistines and where in later days Richard Coeur de Lion held his court, is revealing something of its old secrets. Recent exploration has discovered traces of Herod—Herod the Great, as history calls him; Herod the Murderer, as the Bible shows him; murderer of the babes of Bethlehem when Christ was born; murderer of all his court, as history records his actions.

This Herod not only spent 46 years in rebuilding Jerusalem and its temple, but lavishly increased the glory of Ascalon, the city in which he dwelt. It is hoped to identify the columns of the great buildings he erected. At present the most interesting find is a huge alabaster foot holding a sandal. The foot measures a yard long, so the statue of which it formed part must have been colossal. As it belonged to Herod's time in Ascalon, may the statue not have represented this grim monster himself?

#### Mystery of an Ankle

The whole question of Eastern statuary has suddenly acquired an unexpected interest for us. A famous critic has been commenting on the fact that while Egyptian sculptures of human beings generally are wonderfully correct in physical details, yet the great feet and thickened ankles seem to represent a relic of barbarous incompetence in Egyptian art.

But this statement is challenged by an army doctor who has been carrying out medical research in the tropics and sub-tropics, where natives are greatly affected by parasites introduced into their systems by the bite of mosquitoes.

Now, the natives, no matter how often they are bitten, show no sign of evil effects in early life, but as they grow older the parasite does affect them. In some cases it causes that enormous swelling of the legs produced by a disease called elephantiasis. In other less serious cases, however, the sufferer merely reveals the mischief that has been done by a decided thickening of the lower leg and ankle.

#### Were the Sculptors Right?

The thickening takes place in the tissues of the flesh beneath the skin of the ankle and upwards along the leg, and it is so common among tribes, says our soldier scientist, that the natives regard such a condition as normal.

Naturally, then, he infers that the persons otherwise perfectly depicted in Egyptian statues suffered in their day from the disease which mosquito-bite causes in our own. It may have been so common that the Egyptian sculptors would regard it as perfectly natural and normal.

If this theory is correct, then whenever we see an Egyptian carving or painting of a figure with thickened legs and ankles we may know that, unknown to himself and to the artist, the sitter, whether he was a Pharaoh or a slave, had had his outline remodelled by a filaria parasite whose descendants are alive in the world today.

#### IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A Shakespeare of 1664 . . .	£1710
Red Indian Bible of 1663 . . .	£550
An Italian painted dish . . .	£262
Nine of Marie Antoinette's maps	£120

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

### Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

#### Can Hedgehogs Swim?

Yes; man is the only mammal that cannot swim naturally.

#### Do Water Lilies Go to Seed?

Yes; the seeds of some water-lilies are used by various people in time of need as food.

#### What is the Colour of an Emu's Egg?

The egg of the emu is dark green in colour, and measures, as a rule, about four inches by three and a half.

#### Is Yellow Jasmine Poisonous?

An oil is extracted from jasmine for use in certain medicines, but the juice in inexperienced hands would be injurious.

#### What are Pet Hedgehogs to be Fed On?

Their tastes are not fastidious; worms, slugs, caterpillars, meat, bread and milk, but not, of course, grain, or food of that sort.

#### Why Have Fowls Scaly Legs?

The scales upon the legs of birds are relics of the past, telling us of the days, long ago, when birds slowly evolved from reptile ancestors.

#### Is it Natural for Cats to Sleep by Night?

In a wild state cats hunt more by night than by day, and hide, sleeping, during daylight. Even pet cats like to be out at night and to snooze for a large part of the day.

#### Is a Spider an Insect?

No. Science groups it with the arachnids, which include the mites and scorpions. The arachnids come between the true insects and the crustaceans, among which are shrimps and lobsters.

#### Do Rats and Mice Drink Water?

Yes; they must have fluid or they die. At liberty they reach the sink or vessels containing water, or make runs out of the house to where they can obtain it. Kept as pets they must be well supplied.

#### Why Do Our Ears Burn?

Not because people are talking about us, but as the result of complex processes in the body, of whose operation we are unconscious. Briefly, the burning is caused by a temporary congestion of blood in the ears.

#### Do Pike Eat Sticklebacks?

Authorities agree that the spines of the stickleback enable it to defy pike, but a reader informs us that he has caught pike whose stomachs contained sticklebacks. His latest pike trophy had swallowed 13 sticklebacks shortly before being hooked.

#### How Does Mistletoe Grow?

The British variety grows upon the boughs of such trees as apple, pear, sycamore, lime, poplar, and more rarely upon the oak. A bird eats the berries, the seeds of which stick to the beak or feathers of the bird, are carried to another tree, and rubbed off on to the new bough. There they germinate, and form fresh plants.

#### How Long are Elephants' Tusks?

The tusks of elephants grow throughout the life of healthy animals. The length varies, therefore, with the age of the elephant and in accordance with the work done with the tusks. One Indian elephant had tusks eight feet long, but that was exceptional; five feet along the curve was the length of a notable pair; the average is far less. The skeleton of an African elephant in the British Museum has tusks 10 feet 2 inches long.

**What is a Fire Ant?** It is a terrible little creature that infests the sandy parts of South America and inflicts a sting like the puncture of a red-hot needle. Its amazing work is described in an exceedingly interesting article on South American life in My Magazine for February, now lying on the bookstalls.

## THE CRAB IN THE SKY

### TANGLED MASS OF GREENISH LIGHT

#### First Beginnings of a Family of Suns

#### MILLIONS OF TIMES LIGHTER THAN AIR

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

That great sun Aldebaran, which we found last week in the Hyades, is a gigantic globe of fiery and whirling gases.

At present he is a reddish star in an early stage of his career, but in ages to come he will probably become a white star, shining with a brilliance rivaling Rigel in Orion, the white star almost due south of Aldebaran.

This change of colour will come about because the red star will have grown older and hotter, being then at the zenith of his brilliance and heat.

Now let us turn our attention to a scene representing a remote stage in the life history of a sun or, more probably, a family of suns.

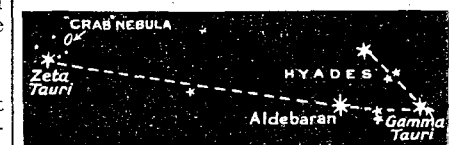
Aldebaran will guide us, with the aid of the accompanying star map, in which the V of the Hyades is shown.

#### What the Telescope Revealed

A line drawn from Gamma at the point of the V through Aldebaran, and continued straight on for nearly four times the distance, reaches a not very bright star, Zeta Tauri. It is of no particular interest itself, but will enable anyone with good field-glasses—not prismatic—or a small telescope to get a glimpse of a wonderful gaseous nebula.

The night must be very dark and moonless, and through the glasses will be seen, besides Zeta, three or four tiny stars and a faint, misty patch of light above, and slightly to the right of, Zeta.

This is the so-called Crab nebula, more correctly known as Messier 1. It is unfortunate that the nebula is beyond the reach of the unaided eye, and even



#### Where to look for the Crab Nebula

in all but very large telescopes it only looks like a hazy, greenish mistiness, oval in shape and brighter in the centre.

Many years ago, however, the great reflector telescope of Lord Rosse, at Parsonstown, in Ireland, showed more than this. Several faint streaks of light stretched out irregularly all round, suggesting the straddling legs of a crab.

Photography has since shown it to be a complex and formless mass of wisps and streams of faint luminosity, like a tangled mass of cotton wool.

This nebula belongs to a type totally different from the spirals, which cannot be regarded as purely nebulae, but rather universes of suns, worlds, and nebulae in every stage and condition.

#### Region of Intense Cold

Moreover, pure nebula, like the Crab, are generally much nearer. Some are estimated to be no farther off than the nearer stars—say, ten to twenty light years, while others may be a thousand or more. The Crab nebula is more likely to be nearer the latter, because there are many very faint stars between us and it at many hundreds of light years' distance.

Some very remote stars appear to shine through the nebula, and it is estimated that its material is many thousand of millions of times lighter than air. It is also regarded as intensely cold, shining with a faint, greenish light; believed to be of an electrical nature and produced from matter in a most rarefied condition unknown on Earth, and called Nebulium.

So we see that this nebula represents matter almost, but not quite, inert—in other words, we are near the beginnings of a sun or a family of suns and worlds.

G. F. M.



# OUT OF BOUNDS

An Exciting Story of the  
Secret of an Old Ruin : : Told by  
T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 42 The Big Black Chest

SECURE in the possession of the club-headed stick, Delmar stood enjoying his superior position.

"You thought no one saw you," he sneered. "As a matter of fact, I spotted the tree being down as soon as you did, and of course I knew you'd try it. I've been watching the whole time. I—"

Just then something happened. It was merely that Hank had made a jump. But it was a jump as quick as that of a cat.

Adnan Delmar had not a ghost of a chance. He was not even able to lift the stick before Hank was upon him, and Hank's wiry arms had clipped him round the waist. Hank's right foot shot out, his right heel crooked behind Delmar's left, he flung his body forward, and down went Delmar, flat on the flags, with all Hank's weight on top of him.

The back of Delmar's head hit the pavement with a sound like that of a croquet mallet hitting a ball, and as Hank jumped up again the other lay limp as a wet rag.

"Silly ass!" said Hank drily. "If he'd hit first and talked afterwards we'd have been in the soup. As it is—"

He grinned faintly. Stan looked with some dismay at Delmar's motionless form.

"I say, Hank, you haven't slain him?"

Hank chuckled outright.

"I guess his head's a bit harder than that," he answered. "Bless you, son, he'll be as right as rain in five minutes, and since he'll probably begin to make a noise then, we'd better fix him so that he can't."

As he spoke he pulled out a piece of cord, and, bending Delmar's arms back behind him, tied his thumbs together. Then, taking a cord from his pocket and wrapping it in a handkerchief, he made a soft gag.

"I'll just wait till he comes round before I put that in his mouth," he said. "I don't want to suffocate him. Stan, take the lamp, and scout round."

"What, do you think Caffyn might be with him?"

"Not likely, for I don't believe the fellow would dare come into the quad in daylight. Still, it's as well to make sure."

Stan went all round the crypt, but there was no sight of anyone else. When he came back Delmar's eyes were open, but Hank had gagged him so that he could not make a sound. The expression on Delmar's face was not pretty to see.

"It's all right, Hank," said Stan. "No one about. Shall I go down?"

"Right away," replied Hank briefly. "And look slippery. We've been down here a rare long time. It's past four already, and there's call-over at five."

Stan went slowly down the steps. By Hank's advice he had the lantern at the end of a string swinging about the level of his ankles. If there were bad air the lantern would show it before he got his head into it. Carbonic acid gas, of course, is heavier than air, so lies on the floor like invisible water.

But the candle burned well enough, and though the place smelt heavy and musty the air itself was breathable.

Stan found himself in a small underground chamber, the floor of which was the natural rock, while the walls were bricked with very old red bricks.

The place was no more than a dozen feet in length and about ten in width. There was just head room for a man standing up. With one exception the little room was empty and bare as the day it was made, but that exception was quite enough for Stan, and he stood staring at it, his breath coming and

going quickly, so excited that he hardly dared believe his eyes.

"Say, is there anything wrong?" Hank's voice from above made Stan fairly jump.

"Wrong!" he answered shakily. "Wrong! Not that I know of. Hank—Hank, old chap, I—I believe we've found it at last."

"What have you found?" demanded Hank.

"A chest—a big, old, black chest just like the one in the vestry in the church."

"Is that so? What's in it?"

"How do I know?" Stan felt half irritated by Hank's coolness. "It's got iron clamps on it, and a padlock as big as my two fists."

There was a clank on the floor behind Stan.

"Here's the hammer and chisel. Get to it, old son, and find out whether there's anything inside."

Stan laid down his lantern, picked up the chisel and hammer, and set to work. He was surprised and annoyed to find how unsteady his hands were. But, after all, this was only natural. Such a tremendous lot hung on the question whether there really was treasure in the chest.

Steadying himself with an effort, he set to work to cut through the hasp of the padlock.

## CHAPTER 43 The Prynn Plate

THE sound of the blows was deafening in that narrow space, but though he put all his strength into the work Stan found that he was making no progress. The hasp was as thick through as his thumb and of fine wrought iron.

As he paused to take breath Hank's voice came again.

"Haven't you got it open yet?"

"No; this iron is as tough as steel, and the chisel keeps slipping off the hasp."

"Well, see here; don't try to cut the hasp. Get at the wood-work and cut a staple out of it."

"Right!" Stan answered, and set to work again.

Soon he made better progress. True, the old oak of which the chest was composed was almost as hard as iron, but now he could get a good purchase, and the wood began to flake away. Presently he was able to get the point of the chisel under the staple and use it as a lever. A few more heavy blows, and out came the staple bodily.

Stan tried to lift the lid, but the wood was swollen by damp, and he could not move it. He had to force the edge of the chisel into the slit. Then a sharp blow or two, and up came the lid.

Picking up his lantern, Stan held it over the open chest. His first sensation was one of bitter disappointment. What he saw was a quantity of old, black, withered-looking leather bags which had split here and there, and through the gaps in which he caught a glimpse of dull, tarnished metal.

"Got it open?" questioned Hank from the top of the steps.

"Yes, but I don't believe there's anything but a lot of old copper."

As he spoke Stan took hold of one of the bags. Its weight startled him. He had to take both hands to lift it. He dragged it out laid it on the floor, and began to pull away the leather. There came to light a great metal platter more than a foot across, and the first thing Stan saw was his own family crest, a stag's head, engraved in the centre of the dish.

"Copper!" It was Hank's voice again, and Hank was half-way down the steps. "Copper!" he repeated in a tone of scorn. "I'm a Dutchman if they're not solid gold. Here, let's have a look."

"Gold!" gasped Stan, as he

sprang to his feet; and, lifting the dish, ran up the steps with it. "Hank, it can't be! Why, it's nearly black!"

Hank took the dish, and balanced it a moment in both hands. He chuckled softly.

"It's gold all right, son," he said. "The weight alone would tell you that. But wait a jiffy. I'll just give it a scratch with my knife to make dead sure. You go and dig some more out."

Stan was shaking all over as he plunged his hands again into the chest. Up came another massive piece of plate. It was a tall cup beautifully engraved, and as he peeled the rotting fragments of leather from it, something caught the light of his candle and threw it back in twinkling flashes of many coloured lights.

"Precious stones!" gasped Stan, in a half-suffocated voice. "Diamonds and rubies, and—and emeralds!"

"Hank!" he called loudly; and turned to carry it back up the steps for Hank's inspection.

It was just as he turned that he heard a smothered cry. There was the sound of a scuffle and of a fall. Dropping the cup, Stan raced up the steps, to see Hank on the ground and a man on top of him. The man was Caffyn, who was kneeling on Hank's chest, and holding him by the throat.

Like a flash Stan hurled himself at Caffyn, but, before he could reach him he was charged from one side, and found himself sprawling on the floor with Delmar bending over him.

"No, you don't," said Delmar, with an unpleasant gleam in his dark eyes. "The tables are turned, my young friend."

Stan did not waste time in replying. Wriggling aside like an eel, he scrambled to his feet.

"Hold him!" roared Caffyn. "Hold him! Don't let him get away or it's all up!"

Delmar came plunging at Stan with both arms out, only to get a smack in the face from Stan's fist that sent him staggering back.

"Idiot!" snapped Caffyn. "Idiot! Here, I'll do it."

There was a sharp click, and Caffyn was on his feet again. Stan saw that he had snapped a pair of handcuffs on Hank's wrists.

Stan, seeing Hank out of it, and knowing that alone he was helpless against Caffyn, looked all round for a weapon of some sort. But he had left the hammer by the chest below, and there was nothing with which to tackle the fellow.

Hank's voice cut the silence.

"Run, Stan! Run! Fetch help. It's our only chance."

Caffyn heard, too, and dashed at Stan, and Stan, though he hated to leave Hank at the mercy of his enemies, knew that Hank was right, and bolted.

He felt Caffyn's finger-tips on his coat-collar, but he doubled like a hare and dodged him around one of the massive pillars that supported the roof of the crypt. Then he was running for all he was worth up towards the end of the crypt.

But he had left his lantern in the treasure chamber, and, as for the other lantern, its feeble gleam was only enough to illuminate a small space around the raised flag. Almost at once Stan found himself in the outer darkness, and equally quickly he had lost all sense of direction. He could no longer tell which way he was running.

Caffyn's rubber shod feet thudded close behind. There was not a moment to waste or to decide which way to go. He bumped into a pillar, and though he saved his head with his outstretched hands, the force of the collision checked him. Again Caffyn's hands reached for him, again Stan swung out of reach around the pillar.

But this time Caffyn was ready, and, quickly as Stan himself, dodged round the other side. The two met with a thud which almost knocked the breath out of Stan's body; then, before he could recover

himself, he was blinded by the glare of an electric torch flung straight into his eyes, and instantly Caffyn had gripped him.

Stan fought like a fury, hitting out with both fists, struggling like an eel. For a moment or two Caffyn, hugely strong as he was, had all his work cut out to hold the boy. But such a struggle, could only have one end, and presently Stan, breathless and exhausted, lay helpless on the floor, with Caffyn's weight crushing him.

"Now will you keep quiet?" growled Caffyn. "You try it again, and I'll pound you silly."

Stan was silent. He could not even answer. He could only lie still, panting for breath.

"Have you got him?"

It was Delmar's voice, and Delmar himself came hurrying into the circle of light.

Caffyn turned on him like a tiger. "Have you left Harker?"

"Don't you worry about him. I've tied him all right," sneered Delmar.

"Then hold this one while I tie him!" snapped back Caffyn.

Delmar, whose lip was split and bleeding from Stan's blow, dropped all his weight on Stan's body, and held him tightly while Caffyn, taking a short length of cord from his pocket, fastened Stan's wrists behind his back.

"That'll teach you," said Delmar slowly as he turned and looked down at Stan with an expression of triumph on his ugly face. "You've had your turn, young fellow. Now it's mine, and don't you forget it."

He turned to Caffyn.

"What are we going to do with them?" he asked.

"I'm not going to take any more chances with 'em," replied the man. "You can be sure of that. Here, get up!"

He jerked Stan to his feet, and, catching him by the arm, led him across the crypt to the spot where Hank lay helpless on the flags.

"Hold this one," Caffyn ordered; and as Delmar grasped Stan's arm, Caffyn cut the cord that tied Hank's ankles.

"If you take my advice, you'll come quietly," he said, in a dangerously quiet voice.

Hank shrugged his shoulders.

"Guess you've taken pretty good care we can't do anything else," he said drily.

Caffyn laughed. "Then you'll come this way," he said. "You're going to see something you weren't ever meant to see, but, under the circumstances, I don't reckon that matters a lot. You, Delmar," he added, "bring Prynn along."

TO BE CONTINUED

## Jolly Tales for Little Boys and Girls

"Young Folks' Tales" are the merriest Fairy Tales, illustrated with splendid pictures. There are also jokes, amusing riddles and an interesting toy model in each number.

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**YOUNG FOLKS'  
TALES . 1½ Each**

## Five-Minute Story

### The Bee

OLD Sally, on her upland farm, always keeps beehives in her apple orchards; for she says that if it had not been for a bee she would never have been a happy old farmer woman at all.

Fifty years ago Sally was an unhappy little inmate of an orphanage, supported by the cold hand of Charity. Within its dreary white-washed walls sixty little girls, dressed in stiff, ugly woollen frocks and clumsy shoes, ate plain food, learned plain facts, and scrubbed and washed and swept floors, while luckier children played under summer skies.

Sally was a plain child, timid and shy, ever longing for the mother she had never known, shrinking from the bare dreariness round her.

Sometimes childless couples visited the orphanage to adopt a daughter, and then it was lucky for the girls who could manage to look bright and pretty even in the ugly frocks and with their short, closely-clipped hair. For they were always chosen, and Sally, with an aching heart, would watch them disappear through the iron gates, never to return. "Nobody will ever choose an ugly, stupid girl like me!" she thought sadly.

Then, one spring day, a rich farmer came to the orphanage in search of a little maid to be an adopted daughter and a help to his childless wife.

He was a jolly-looking man, with twinkling eyes and rosy cheeks, and he wore a flowered waistcoat, a beaver hat with a curly brim, and a silver watch almost as big as one of his own turnips.

The orphans sat in demure rows on wooden benches, Sally shrinking in her place by the window. Near her sat Mary Anna, a girl who could look pretty even in an orphan's uniform and felt shy of nobody.

A big, dazed bumble-bee came droning through the window and dropped heavily on to the sill, and Mary Anna laughed and poked it on its back with the end of a pencil, and it lay struggling feebly. Then Sally stretched out a frightened little finger and set the helpless creature on its legs again.

The jolly farmer looked round shrewdly.

"Which of the girls would you like me to call out to speak to you, sir?" asked the matron.

"The little maid near the window. She isn't much to look at, but the lass that'll put a bee on its legs will be kind to the calves and young lambs and the missus. She's the one for me."

So the astounded Sally drove away from the ugly iron gates to become a happy child, and that is why bees always drone under her apple blossom and little orphan children from the slums often come to enjoy bread and honey in her big, comfortable kitchen.





# Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled



## D! MERRYMAN

"I've just lost my job," exclaimed a young man.  
"What for?" asked his friend.  
"For good!" he replied.

### Hidden Battles

THE name of a battle prominent in history is hidden in each of these sentences. Do you know what they are?

As we crossed over the water loot in great quantities was found.

It is sad, O warlike men, to see this defeat.

The soldiers, being in luck, now listened to their general.

Answers next week

### The Order of the Bath

"CAN any scholar tell me what is the ancient Order of the Bath?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, miss, I can," piped a small child at the foot of the class. "The baby comes first, then Jackie, then Tommy, and then me."

### Words That May Be Confused



Minister Minster Pelisse Police



Lath Lathe Magnate Magnet

Here are some more pairs of words with entirely different meanings, and yet which are often confused in conversation.

How many sides has a round plum pudding?

Two sides, the outside and the inside.

### Do You Live in Eccles?

SCHOLARS are not quite agreed as to which of the explanations of the name Eccles is the right one. It may be named after Aecel, an early dweller in the district, or it may be from the Latin ecclesia, meaning a church; in which case it would mark the site of some ancient sanctuary.



Lah-Di-Dah Goes for a Walk  
Don't look one way and walk another

WHAT is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy?  
One is a strong will, and the other is a strong won't.

The Kangaroo That Said Twice Two  
HAVE you heard of the Bright Kangaroo?

Her stockings were bluer than blue.  
Her maps and her writing  
Were truly exciting,  
But her triumph was saying Twice Two.

### What Are They Doing?



Can you see what the children in these pictures are doing? Solution next week

### The Pendulum: Tic-Toc

By Peter Pack

YOU'LL never tell the time, my chicks,  
By listening to our Poli-tics.

### In These Hard Times

"THEY say that young Moneybags has money to burn," exclaimed Mrs. Brown one morning.

"Hum!" remarked her husband, who was opening his post and had come across a coal-bill. "If that is so, he had better burn it. He'll find it cheaper than coal."

### The Diners in the Kitchen

OUR dog Fred  
Et the bread.

Our dog Dash  
Et the hash.

Our dog Pete  
Et the meat.

Our dog Davy  
Et the gravy.

Our dog Toffy  
Et the coffee.

Our dog Jake  
Et the cake.

Our dog Trip  
Et the dip.

And—the worst,  
From the first—

Our dog Fido  
Et the pie-dough.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

### A Misunderstanding

A WELL-KNOWN American had business which necessitated his presence for a few days in a small town that was miles from anywhere.

As he was settling his hotel bill at the end of his stay, he remarked to the hotel-keeper:

"I intend to come here to end my days. I wish to die here."

Full of local pride, the hotel-keeper expressed his pleasure that so distinguished a visitor should think so well of his town.

"You misunderstand me," replied the visitor. "The reason I want to end my days here is because it seems to me that after a man had lived here for a time death would be a welcome relief. I never saw a town I could leave with so little regret."

### Figure Problem

ARRANGE the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0 in such a way that when they are all added together they will make 100.

Solution next week

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Arithmetical Puzzle

$$8 + 2 = 10$$

$$12 - 2 = 10$$

$$15 \times 2 = 10$$

$$20 \div 2 = 10$$

What Is It? Stonehenge

Who Was He?

The Singing Poet was Thomas Moore

## Jacko Mends the Pipe

WHEN Father Jacko went off to the city in the morning it was so warm that he wondered if he needed his overcoat.

"I dislike this weather," he remarked. "Most unseasonable! Most unhealthy! Give me a nice, old-fashioned winter . . ."

"It is time you were off, my dear," interrupted his wife.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Father Jacko, looking up at the clock. "Where's my hat, boy? Look alive!"

Jacko found it, and in a whirl his father departed.

When he came back, not so many hours later, he was covered from head to feet with snow. He looked like a being from the North Pole.

"Mercy on us!" screamed Mrs. Jacko. "What a fright you gave me! Is it snowing?"

"Is it snowing!" Father nearly exploded.

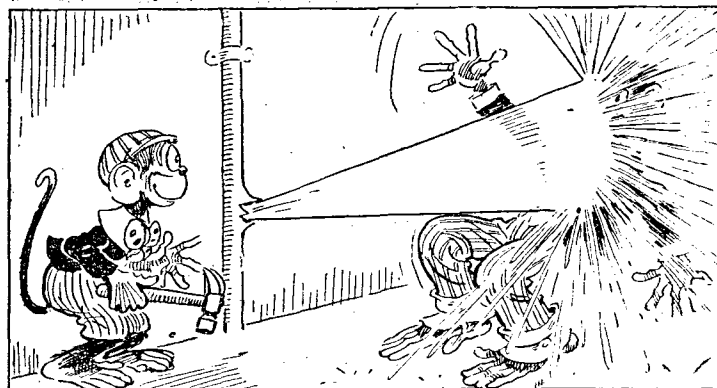
His wife helped him out of his wet things, and bustled about, and soon he was himself again, sitting warm and contented by his snug fireside.

But the fire was the only warm spot that night, for as the evening wore on it grew colder and colder. At night it froze hard, and by morning all the taps were frozen.

Jacko was sent to the house next door to beg some water. He came staggering back with two pails full, but in the excitement his mother forgot to set some aside for Father's shaving-water.

Whereupon Father got angry and said things. Whereupon Jacko giggled and got his ears boxed.

It froze hard all that day, and part of the next, and the follow-



Out shot a stream of icy water

ing morning, as they came down to breakfast, somebody cried:

"It's thawing! I can hear the water coming in!"

It was coming in with a vengeance.

"A pipe's burst!" cried Mrs. Jacko in alarm.

"Coo!" cried Jacko. "Not half!"

"Run and fetch the plumber," cried his mother.

But Jacko thought he could do better than that. He dashed downstairs for a hammer and dashed up again, and whacked at the pipe with all his might.

There wasn't much pipe left when Jacko had finished with it. Poor Adolphus got his share of trouble, for when he went up to take possession of the hammer out shot a stream of icy water that took his breath away.

At last somebody remembered to turn the water out of the house; and when the top cistern had emptied itself cheerfully down the stairs, and turned the hall into a miniature duck-pond, the plumber arrived.

He shook his head at the damaged pipe, and said it was in such a mess that it would take days to repair; and he added that, as a matter of curiosity, he'd very much like to see the hammer that had done it.

## Ici on Parle Français



Le cercle La tortue Le sabot

On a tracé un cercle au tableau  
La tortue avance bien lentement  
Le cheval donne des coups de sabot



Le réservoir Le cheval à bascule Le noeud

Il faudra réparer le réservoir  
Bébé monte son cheval à bascule  
Ce noeud est facile à défaire

## Notes and Queries

**What does O.S. Mean?** Old Style, and refers to a date before the alteration of the calendar in Queen Anne's time.

**What does E pluribus unum mean?** This is the motto of the United States, and means one out of many, a reference to the formation of one central government out of many states.

**What is the Dail Eireann?** Dail is Irish for House, and Eireann for Irish, and Dail Eireann is a body of Irish M.P.s who refused to come to England, and formed themselves into an independent Irish Parliament, which the British Government has declared illegal.

## ABC Stories

### The Watch

W STANDS for watch, the watch that Leslie wore.

Elsie saw it the minute she got into the garden. "Oh, Leslie!" she cried.

"Is it yours?"

Leslie shook his head.

"It's Bob's," he said. "Bob's gone away, and he gave it to me to take care of till he comes back."

"Do let me wear it," begged Elsie.

But Leslie was afraid she might drop it.

"I'm going to put it back in my room," he said. "I'll be back in a minute; then we'll have a game."

He put it away in safety and thought no more about it. But when he went to look for it at bedtime to wind it up he gave a cry of alarm. The drawer was open, and on the floor below lay the watch, with the glass broken into little bits.

He picked it up, and put it to his ear. It was ticking away so merrily there couldn't be much wrong with it. But who could have touched it?

As he stooped to collect the little broken bits he heard a strange noise. It sounded like someone crying, and it came from the room where Elsie slept.

Leslie crept to the door and listened.

It was Elsie, and she was sobbing as if her heart would break.

Leslie pushed open the door and went in.

"Why, Elsie, what ever is the matter?" he asked.

"It's me. I did it!" cried the little girl. "I only meant to look at it and just to wear



"Is it yours?" she cried

it for a tiny little while, and then the cat sprang at me and frightened me, and—"

"And then you dropped it," finished Leslie, putting his arm round her and giving her a friendly hug. "But don't cry, Cousin Elsie. It's only the glass that's hurt, and it will mend. We'll take it to the watchmaker tomorrow."

And so they did. And when the new glass had been put in, the clouds rolled away from Elsie's face, and she was her happy little self again.



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

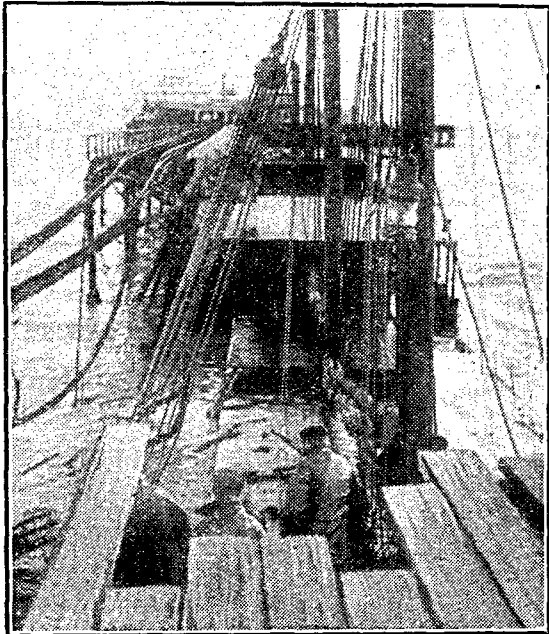
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 5, 1921

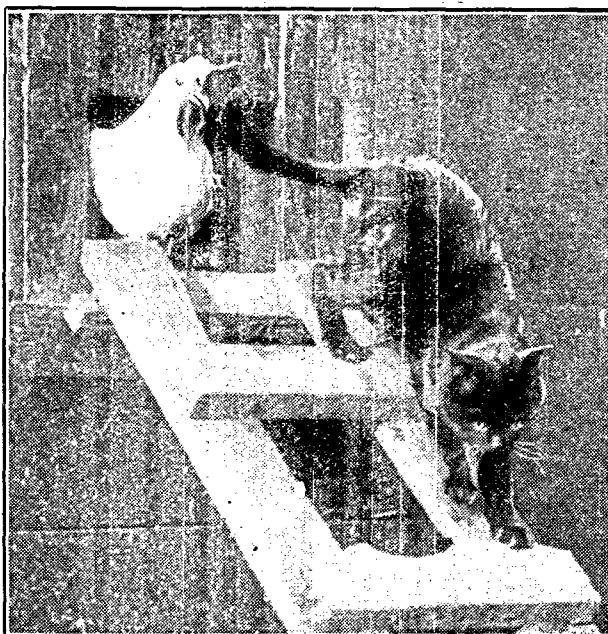
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## PIER CUT IN TWO • SCHOOL ON SKIS • WALLABY GOES FOR A WALK



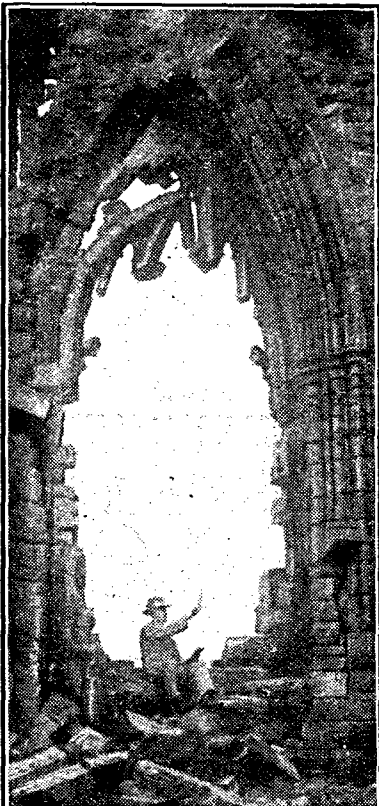
**A Pier Cut in Two by a Ship**—During the recent great storm Southend pier, the longest round our coasts, was cut in two by a concrete steamer. See page one



**The Intruder Driven Out**—This amusing scene was witnessed on a farm at Welwyn, Herts, where an impertinent cat that had invaded a fowl-house was driven out by an indignant hen



**A Fine Catch**—The fishermen round our coasts have been having some magnificent catches lately, and boats have been loaded. Here a net is being emptied



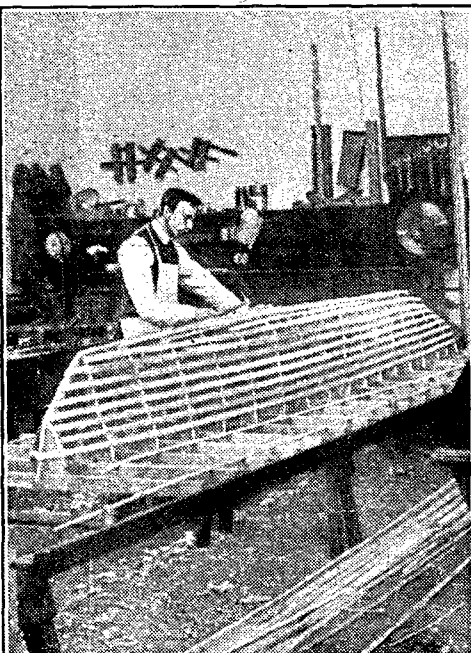
**A Dangerous Position**—The ruins of Whitby Abbey, damaged by the German bombardment, need five years' work to preserve them from utter destruction



**A School Goes Ski-ing**—Swiss scholars are taught ski-ing as a part of their regular education, and here we see a school, headed by its master, off for a glorious run over the snow on a sunny day. Great care has to be exercised by the boys and girls when they begin, as it is very easy for a novice to strain his or her ankle



**Queer Pet Goes for a Walk**—This lady, who has been seen shopping in London on several occasions recently, takes her pet wallaby with her. The animal enjoys the fun



**Learning to Prevent Sea Sickness**—Men of science are trying to abolish sea sickness by stopping the rolling of vessels. Experiments are made with model ships in a tank. See page 5



**A Charming Retinue**—These dainty little girls were bridesmaids at the recent wedding of Miss Margery Boot, daughter of Sir Jesse Boot, and the little man acted as page. They all looked very pretty in their Victorian frocks and coats trimmed with ermine



**Looking at a Fly's Eye**—The school children of Bristol study the tiny forms of life through the microscope, and this little girl is enjoying her view of a fly's eye